

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD & WINDY GO LAND



YELLOW HAIR LIKE TO LEARN TO SWIM? ME CUT RUSHES; MAKE LITTLE FLOAT FOR CHIN. ME SHOW YOU HOW INJUN BOY LEARN TO SWIM!

WILL THE RUSHES FLOAT ME? I WANT TO LEARN TO SWIM, VERY MUCH!

WUFF! WUFF! ME NO LEARN TO SWIM. ME JUST FALL IN AND SWIM ANYHOW!

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO FAT TO SINK!



NOW WE TIE ENDS OF RUSHES TOGETHER; MAKE FLOAT FOR YOUR HEAD. THEN IT NO SINK. HEAR EASY LEARN THEN!

IT LOOKS LIKE A BIG 'V'! ARE YOU SURE IT WILL HOLD MY HEAD UP?

EVERYBODY LOOK! ME GOING TO MAKE BIG DIVE!

WANT ME TO HELP YOU TIE IT?

One day, when the sun was very hot, the children asked Nokomis if they could go in swimming again. Yellow Hair was not afraid of having her toes bitten, now that Nah-may, the Great Sturgeon, was no longer in the stream, and, besides, she was very anxious to learn to swim—like Growling Bird and Little Bear. Nokomis gave them permission; but, because Big Bear had gone into the cool woods to sleep, and as she was too busy herself to look after them, she told the children that they must go up the river to The-Place-of-Rushes, where the water was shallow and where it was a nice, safe place for little folk to bathe. So they put on their bathing suits and walked along the shore, hand in hand. Growling Bird took a big, sharp knife along to cut a bundle of rushes, out of which he intended to make a "float"—which is a great help to any one learning to swim!

Little Indian boys and girls have no nice cork jackets, nor air bags, to buoy them up when learning to swim, but they find that Uh-nauk-un-uk, the tall, green rushes, when bound together, float lightly and keep the head above water just as well. (These are the kind of rushes that, when dry, the Indians weave into mats!) Well, Growling Bird cut an armful of rushes and divided them into two bundles. Then he tied other rushes around the ends to keep them together, and, after placing them in such a way that they looked like a big letter "V," he bound both ends together so that they would remain in that position. (You can see in the picture the way it is done!) Aundak, the Crow, looked on during the making of the "float," although HE didn't care anything about swimming. When HE bathed, an inch or two of water was plenty for him! But Little Bear was proud of his skill.



GOODY! I'LL SOON BE ABLE TO GET ALONG WITHOUT THE RUSHES!

STRIKE OUT WITH ARMS; THIS WAY—NO MAKE SPLASH WITH HANDS!

WUFF! WUFF! LET ME SEE CRAYFISH!

CAW! CAW! COME HERE, LITTLE BEAR! I SEE A GREAT BIG CRAYFISH AMONG THE STONES!



COME ON! YOU SWIMMIN' ALL RIGHT NOW!

OH! I'M SWIMMING ALL BY MYSELF! WATCH ME!!

WHERE IS HE? I SAW HIM A MINUTE AGO BEHIND THIS BIG STONE!

WUFF! I SMELL CRAYFISH AROUND HERE, SOMEWHERE!

He wanted to show off! So he stood on a big stone and called on the children to watch him "make heap fine dive!" It wasn't much of a dive; he just flopped in any way. But he made a great splash, and then paddled around "dog fashion" to show the little girl how easy it was when you know how! Growling Bird now pushed the "float" into the water and showed Yellow Hair how to place her chin in the angle formed by the ends of the rushes. Then he showed her the way to strike out with the arms, and told her to kick hard, at the same time, with her feet. The "float" kept her head above water and moved along with her as she stroked and kicked herself forward, bit by bit, until, very soon, she began to get into the way of it. Meanwhile, Aundak, the Crow, poking around among the stones at the water's edge, spied a Crayfish and called to Little Bear to come and see it!

Little Bear scrambled ashore as quickly as he could, but the noise he made scared Ah-shaw-gay-she, the Crayfish, so that he scuttled backward and hid under a stone. They searched for him everywhere, but failed to find any trace of him. Meanwhile, Yellow Hair had learned the swimming stroke so well that Growling Bird thought she would be able to get along without the float. He took hold of the end of it and gently drew it forward, telling the little girl to look at the sky and keep on stroking and kicking just the same as she had been doing. Then, gradually, and without her noticing it, he drew the end of the float from beneath her chin. Before Yellow Hair actually realized it, she was swimming along, all by herself, and WITHOUT ANY SUPPORT AT ALL! "Bot when she DID notice it she was 'awfully' glad! She cried out: 'I'M SWIMMING! I'M SWIMMING, ALL BY MYSELF!'"



HAUGH! AH-ZHAW-GE-SHE, THE CRAYFISH, LOOK! LOOK!

OH, MY! THE CRAYFISH IS BITING THEM!

CAW! CAW! LET GO MY LEG!

WUFF! WUFF! LET GO MY FOOT, OR ME BITE YOUR HEAD OFF!



YO! YO! ME TEACH YELLOW HAIR HOW TO SWIM FIRST TIME SHE TRY!

HURRAH! I CAN SWIM NOW! AREN'T YOU GLAD?

PAH! PAH! EATING RAW CRAYFISH! I WOULDN'T TOUCH IT UNLESS IT WAS BOILED WITH SALT AND PEPPER.

SMART MR. CRAYFISH, HE BITE LITTLE BEAR'S FOOT. THAT'S WHY ME EAT HIM ALIVE!!! HE TASTE HEAP STRONG MEDE!

Suddenly there was a great noise and rumpus on shore! Squeals and "wuffs" came from Little Bear, and loud, angry "caws" from the Crow. It happened in this way: While the Bear Cub and the Crow were poking and sniffing around, trying to find Crayfish, HE was quietly watching them from his hiding-place. He waited his chance, and, as soon as they turned their backs toward the water and were looking in the other direction, he crawled out and grabbed Aundak's leg with one of his sharp "nippers," and Little Bear's foot with the other! Now Ah-shaw-gay-she, the Crayfish, although he lives in the fresh water and is only a few inches in length, looks just like his cousin, the Lobster, but his color is pale green instead of black. He has the same kind of nipping claws, and when he takes hold of any one he generally makes them howl before he lets go!

When the children saw what the cause of all the outcry was, they had to laugh—it was so ridiculous! Then they came ashore, feeling very big. Growling Bird was proud because he had taught Yellow Hair to swim, and SHE was proud because she had learned so quickly! But poor Crayfish; he fared badly! As soon as he felt he was being carried away from the water he let go and tried to get back—but it was too late! Little Bear quickly recovered from his fright and pounced upon him, grabbing him by the back. Then he twisted off the two big nipping claws, and—it's a shame to have to tell it, but what do you think he did then? He sat down and coolly began to EAT CRAYFISH ALIVE!!! Even Aundak would have waited until it was cooked. But that was Little Bear's way of getting even with Crayfish for having pinched his foot! Wasn't he HORRID!

A. T. C.